

## The Critic

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Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bro's, Merrill & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Pierce & Snyder, and Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

### Authors at Home.\* XV.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN IN NEW YORK AND AT KEMP ROCK.

NEW YORK is an ugly city, with only here and there a picturesque feature. Still the picturesque exists, if it be sought for in remote corners. When about to choose a permanent home, some years ago, Mr. Stedman did not exile himself to the distance at which alone such advantages are to be obtained. Either by nature, or through force of circumstances, he is the typical literary man of the day. He is the man of his epoch, of his moment—of the very latest moment. There is that in his personality which gives him the air of constantly pressing the electric button which puts him in relation with the civilized activities of the world. He was born man of the world as well as poet, with that sensitive response to his age and surroundings which has enabled him to touch the life of the day at many divergent points of contact. He owes it to an equally rare endowment, to his talent for leading two quite separate lives, that he has been enabled to maintain his social life free from the influences of his career as an active business man. The broker is a separate and distinct person from the writer and poet. The two, it is true, meet as one, on friendly terms, on the street or at the Club. But the man of Wall Street is entertained with scant courtesy within the four walls of the poet's house.

Once within these, Mr. Stedman's true life begins. It is an ardent, productive, intellectual life, only to be intruded upon with impunity by the insistent demands of his social instincts. Mr. Stedman has the genius of goodfellowship. His delight in men is only second to his delight in books. How he has found time for the dispensing of his numerous duties as host and friend is a matter of calculation which makes the arithmetic of other people's lives seem curiously at fault. He has always possessed this talent for forcing time to give him twice its measure. That expensive mode of illumination known as burning the candle at both ends would probably be found to be the true explanation.

I have said that Mr. Stedman's town house could not be characterized as rich in picturesque adjuncts. The street in which it is situated—West Fifty-fourth—is of a piece with the prevailing character of New York domestic architecture. It is a long stretch of brown-stone houses, ranged in line, like a regiment of soldiers turned into stone. But the impassive chocolate features, like some mask worn by a fairy princess, conceal a most enchanting interior. Once within the front door, the charm of a surprise awaits one. Color, warmth and grace greet the eye at the outset. If it be the poet's gift to turn the prose of life into poetry, it is

certain that the same magical art has here been employed to make household surroundings minister to the æsthetic sense. There is a pervading harmony of tone and tints throughout the house. The rich draperies, the soft-toned carpets, and the dusk of the tempered daylight, are skilfully used as the effective background to bring into relief the pictures, the works of art, and the rare bits of bric-à-brac. One is made sensible, by means of a number of clever devices, that in this home the arts and not the upholstery are called upon to do the honors. These admirable results are due almost entirely to the taste and skill of Mrs. Stedman, who possesses a genuine artist's instinct for grouping and effect. She has also the keen scent and the patience of the ardent collector. A tour of the house is a passing in review of her triumphs, of trophies won at sales, bits picked up in foreign travel, a purchase now and then of some choice collection, either of glass, or china, or prints and etchings. Among the purchases has been that of a large and beautiful collection of Venetian glass, whose delicate grace and iridescent glow make the lower rooms a little museum for the connoisseur. But more beautiful even than the glass, is the gleam of color from the admirable pictures which adorn the walls. Mr. Stedman is evidently a believer in the doctrine that there is health in the rivalry of the arts. His pictures look out from their frames at his books, as if to bid them defiance. The former are of an order of excellence to make even a literary critic speak well of them; for Mr. Stedman has a passion for pictures which he has taken the pains to train into a taste. His was a familiar figure, a year or two ago, at the Academy of Design receptions on press-night. He was certain to be found opposite one of the best water-colors or oil-paintings of the Exhibition, into the frame of which, a few minutes later, his card would be slipped, on which the magic word 'Sold' was to be read. It was in this way that some charming creations of Wyant, of Church, and other of our best artists, were purchased. Perhaps the pearl of his collection is Winslow Homer's 'Voice from the Cliffs,' the strongest figure picture this artist has yet produced. The walls divide their spaces between such works of art and a numerous and interesting collection of gifts and souvenirs from the poet's artist and literary friends. Among these is a sketch in oil of Miss Fletcher, the author of 'Kismet,' by her stepfather, Eugene Benson; a bronze bas-relief of Bayard Taylor, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Stedman's; and a companion relief of the latter poet hanging side by side with that of his friend, as if lovingly to emphasize their companionship.

The usual parallelogram of the New York parlor is broken, by the pleasantly irregular shape of the rooms, into a series of unexpected openings, turnings and corners. At the most distant end, beyond the square drawing-room, the perspective is defined by the rich tones of a long stretch of stained glass. The figures are neither those of nymph nor satyr, nor yet of the æsthetic young damsel in amber garments whom Burne-Jones and William Morris would have us accept as the successor of these. Here sit two strangely familiar-looking stolid Dutchmen in colonial dress, puffing their pipes in an old-time kitchen. They are Peter Stuyvesant and Govert Loockermans, in the act of being waited upon by 'goede-vrouw Marie,' . . . bustling at her best to spread the New Year's table. Lest the gazer might be in need of an introduction to these three jovial creations of the poet's fancy, there are lines of the poem intertwined with the holly which serves as a decorative adjunct. No more fitting entrance could have been chosen to the Stedman dining-room than this. If there was no other company, there was always the extra plate and an empty chair awaiting the coming guest. It has pleased the humor of Boston to lance its arrows of wit at New York for the latter's pretensions of establishing literary circles and coteries. When literary Boston was invited to the Stedmans' to dinner, these satirical arrows seemed suddenly to lose their edge. During the four or five years that Mr. and Mrs. Stedman occupied their

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charming house, New York had as distinctly a literary centre as either Paris or London. On Sunday evenings, the evening at home, there was such a varied assemblage of guests as only a metropolis can bring together. Not only authors and artists, critics and professional men, but fashion and society, found their way there. At the weekly dinners were to be met the distinguished foreigner, the latest successful novelist or young poet, and the wittiest and the most beautiful women. As if in humorous mockery of the difficulties attendant upon literary success and recognition, the dining-room in its size and seating capacity might not inaptly be likened to that Oriental figure of speech by which the rich found heaven so impossible of access. The smallness of the room only served, however, like certain chemical apparatus, to condense and liberate the brilliant conversational gases. If the poet were in his most gracious mood, the more favored guests, after dinner, might be allowed a glimpse of the library. Books were scattered so profusely over the house, that each room might easily have been mistaken for one. But in a large square room at the top of the house is the library proper—workshop and study together. This building his poet's nest under the eaves of his own cornice is the one evidence of the recluse in Stedman's character. When he is about to pluck his own plumage that his fledglings may be covered, he turns his back on the world. All the paraphernalia of his toil are about him. The evidences of the range and the extent of his reading and scholarship are to be found in taking down some of the volumes on the shelves. Here are the Greek classics, in the original, with loose sheets among the pages, whereon are translations of Theocritus or Bion, done into finished English verse. Mr. Stedman's proficiency in Doric Greek is matched by his familiarity with the modern French classics, whose lightness of touch and airy grace he has caught in 'Aucassin and Nicolette,' 'Toujours Amour' and 'Jean Prouvaire's Song.' With a delicate sense of fitness, the dainty verse of Coppée, Béranger, Théodore de Banville, the sonnets of Victor Hugo, and indeed his whole collection of the French poets, are bound in exquisite vellum or morocco. Among these volumes the poet's own works appear in several rare and beautiful editions. There are the 'Songs and Ballads' issued by the Bookfellow's Club, the essay on Edgar Allan Poe in vellum (the first so bound in America), and other beautifully illustrated and printed copies of his poems. The shelves and tables are laden with a wealth of literary treasure. But there is one volume one holds with a truly reverent delight. It is Mrs. Browning's own copy of 'Casa Guidi Windows,' with interlineations and corrections. It was the gift of the poetess to Mrs. Kinney, Stedman's mother, who was among Mrs. Browning's intimate friends. 'How John Brown took Harper's Ferry,' it is pleasant to learn, was an especial favorite with the great songstress.

Since the reversal of fortune which overwhelmed Mr. Stedman two years ago, this charming home has been temporarily leased. The family, however, were altogether fortunate in securing Bayard Taylor's old home in East Thirtieth Street, during an absence in Europe of the latter's wife and daughter. Here the conditions surrounding Stedman's home-life have been necessarily changed. The arduous literary labor attendant on the publishing of his recently completed volume on the 'Poets of America,' which completes the series on contemporaneous English and American poets, together with his work on the 'Library of American Literature' (of which he and Miss Hutchinson are the joint editors), the writing of magazine articles, poems and critiques, and the increased cares of his business struggles, make him too hard-worked a man to be available for the lighter social pleasures. The Sunday evenings are, however, still maintained as his one leisure hour, and the hospitality is as generous as the present modest resources of the household will permit. Mr. Stedman's early career, and the native toughness of fibre which has enabled him

to fight a winning battle against tremendous odds during his whole life, furnished him with the fortitude and endurance with which he met his recent calamity. The heroic element is a dominant note in his character. At the very outset of his career he gave proof of the stuff that was in him. Entering Yale College in 1849, and suspended in '53 for certain boyish irregularities, the man in him was born in a day. At nineteen he went into journalism, married at twenty, and in another year was an editor and a father. Ten years later, after service in all the grades of newspaper life, the same energy of decision marked his next departure. He gave up journalism, and went into active business in Wall Street that he might have time for more independent, imaginative writing. The bread-winning was so successful that in another ten years he had gained a competence, and was about to retire from business, to devote himself entirely to literary pursuits. He now returns to the struggle with fortune with the old unworn, undaunted patience. He has been sustained in the vicissitudes of his career by the cheering companionship of his wife. Ever in sympathy with her husband's work and ambitions, Mrs. Stedman has possessed that gift of adaptability which has enabled her to meet with befitting ease and dignity the varying fortunes which have befallen them. In the earlier nomadic days she was the Blanche, who, with the poet, rambled through the 'faery realm' of Bohemia. The 'little King Arthur' is a grown man now, his father's co-worker and devoted aid. The king has abdicated in favor of a tiny princess, who rules the household with her baby ways. This is another Laura, *à la* four, who, with her mother, Mrs. Frederick Stedman, completes the family circle. It needs the reiterated calls for grandpa and grandma to impress one with the reality of the fact that this still youthful-looking couple are not masquerading in the parts. Mr. Stedman, in spite of his grayish beard and mustache, is a singularly young-looking man for his years. He is slight, with slender figure and delicate features. His motions and gestures are full of impulse and energy. He has the bearing of a man who has measured his strength with the world. The delicate refinement and finish of his work, as well as its power and vigor, are foreshadowed in his *personnel*. His manner is an epitome of his literary style. His face has the charm which comes from highbred features moulded into the highest form of expression—that of intellectual energy infused with a deep and keen sympathetic quality. Something of this facial charm he inherits from his mother, now Mrs. Kinney. As the lovely and brilliant wife of the Hon. William B. Kinney, when the latter was American Minister at the Court of Turin, this gifted lady won a European reputation for the sparkling radiance of her beauty.

As a talker Mr. Stedman possesses the first and highest of qualities—that of spontaneity. The thought leaps at a bound into expression. So rapid is the flow of ideas, and so fluent its delivery, that one thought sometimes trips on the heels of the next. His talk, in its range, its variety, and the multiplicity of subjects touched upon, even more, perhaps, than his work, is an unconscious betrayal of his many-sided life. The critic, the poet, the man of business and the man of the world, the lover of nature, and the keen observer of the social machinery of life, each by turn takes the ascendant. The whole, woven together by a brilliant tissue of short, epigrammatic, trenchant sentences, abounding in good things one longs to remember and quote, forms a most picturesque and dazzling ensemble. Added to the brilliancy, there is a genial glow of humor, and such an ardor and enthusiasm in his capacity for admiration, as complete Mr. Stedman's equipment as a man and a conversationalist. He would not be a poet, did he not see his fellow-man aureoled with a halo. His natural attitude toward life and men is an almost boyish belief and delight in their being admirable. It is only on discovering they are otherwise, that the critic appears to soften the disappointment by the rigors of



analysis. Stedman is by nature an enthusiast. He owes it to his training that he is a critic. As an enthusiast he has the fervor, the intensity, the exaltation, which belong to the believer and the lover of all things true and good and beautiful. He is as generous as he is ardent, and his gift of praising is not to be counted as among the least of his qualities. But the critic comes in to temper the ardor, to weigh the value, and to test the capacity. And thus it is found that there are two men in Mr. Stedman, one of whom appears to be perpetually in pursuit of the other, and never quite to overtake him.

If poets are born and not made this side of heaven, so are sportsmen. In Stedman's case the two appeared in one, to prove the duality possible. Summer after summer, in the hard-won vacations, the two have sailed the inland lakes and fished in the trout-streams together; the fisherman oblivious of all else save the movements of that most animate of inanimate insects—the angler's fly; the poet equally absorbed in quite another order of motion—that of nature's play. The range of Mr. Stedman's acquaintance among backwoodsmen and seafaring men is in proportion to the extent of his journeyings. 'There are at least a hundred men with whom I am intimate who don't dream I have ever written a line,' I once overheard him say in the midst of a story he was telling of the drolleries of some forest guide who was among his 'intimates.' This talent for companionship with classes of men removed from his own social orbit has given Stedman that breadth of sympathy and that sure vision in the fields of observation which makes his critical work so unusual. He knows men as a naturalist knows the kingdom of animal life. He can thus analyze and classify, not only the writer but the man, for he holds the key to a right comprehension of character by virtue of his own plastic sensibility. His delight in getting near to men who are at polaric distances from him socially, makes him impatient of those whom so-called culture has removed to Alpine heights from which to view their fellow-beings. 'There's so and so,' he once said in speaking of a second-rate poet whose verses were æsthetic sighs to the south wind and the daffodil; 'he thinks of nothing but rhyming love and dove. I wonder what he would make out of a man—a friend of mine, for instance, in the Maine woods, a creature as big as Hercules, with a heart to match his strength. I should like to see what he would make of him.' Stedman's own personality is infused with a raciness and a warmth peculiar to men who have the power of freshening their own lives by that system of wholesome renewal called human contact. Much of the secret of his social charm comes from his delight in and ready companionship with all conditions of men.

In his present study in the little house in Thirtieth Street there are several photographs scattered about the room, of a quaint and picturesque seaside house. This is the summer home on the island of New Castle, N. H. It has a tower which seems to have been built over the crest of the waves, and a *loggia* as wide and spacious as a Florentine palace. No one but a sailor or a sea-lover could have chosen such a spot. To Mr. Stedman, New Castle was a veritable *trouvaille*. It fulfilled every condition of pleasure and comfort requisite in a summer home. The sea was at his doors, and the elms and fields ran down to meet it. The little island, with its quaint old fishing village, its old colonial houses, its lanes and its lovely coast line, is the most picturesque of microcosms ever set afloat. There is no railroad nearer than three miles, and to reach it one crosses as many bridges as span a Venetian canal. Mr. Stedman himself, the poet John Albee, Barrett Wendell (one of Boston's clever young authors), Prof. Bartlett, of Harvard, and Jacob Wendell's family, make a charming and intimate little coterie. At Kelp Rock Mr. Stedman is only the poet, the genial host, and the *bon camarade*. Business cares and thoughts are relegated to the world whence they came. The most approachable of authors at all times, at New Castle, with the sea and the sunshine to keep his idleness in countenance, he

seems fairly to irradiate companionship. His idleness is of an order to set the rest of the world a lesson in activity. In his play he is even more intense, if possible, than in his work. The play consists of five or six hard-writing hours in his tower during the morning. This is followed by an afternoon of sailing, or fishing, or walking, any one of which forms of pleasure is planned with a view to hard labor of some kind, some strenuous demand on the physical forces. The evening finds him and his family, with some of the group mentioned and often with stray visitors from the outer world, before the drift-wood fire in the low-raftered hall, where talk and good-cheer complete the day.

With such abundantly vigorous energies, Mr. Stedman's quarter of a century of productiveness is only an earnest of his future work. He has doubly pledged himself hereafter to the performance of strictly original creative writing. As critic he has completed the work which he set himself to do—that of rounding the whole circle of contemporaneous poetry. In giving to the world such masterpieces of critical writing as the 'Victorian Poets' and 'Poets of America,' he owes it to his own muse to prove that the critic leaves the poet free.

ANNA BOWMAN DODD.

## Reviews

### "The Story of the Heavens."\*

THE reading public is always to be congratulated when an authority in a science—one who knows it thoroughly, personally, and as an original worker—devotes some period of leisure to preparing a popular account of its condition and progress; especially so when accuracy and clearness are also made attractive by literary skill. At present much of our so-called 'popular science' is worse than worthless because the writers do not properly understand what they are writing about. Their books are vague and inexact in statement, years behind the times, and full of all sorts of 'original theories' and half crankish speculations. But many of them are readable because they do not require much intellectual labor in perusal, and are written in a bright and taking style; so they sell well and circulate widely. On the other hand, some of the most valuable books, which the authors intended to make 'popular,' fail to become so because they are written badly from a literary point of view: the style is obscure, or if clear, is stiff and awkward; and there is a failure to gauge properly the intelligence of the readers. One writer assumes that they know more than can be fairly expected of them, and another condescends to them as if they were kindergarten children.

The work before us fails in neither of these ways. Dr. Ball is well known as an able mathematician, a skilful astronomer, a thorough instructor, and an extremely successful lecturer. He writes on subjects which he is fully master of, and writes not only clearly and accurately, but in an easy, flowing style, which sometimes rises into real eloquence and poetry. The book covers essentially the same ground as the Popular Astronomy of Professor Newcomb published a few years ago, and is a worthy rival of it. Many will continue to prefer the older book for its compacter style and rather more thorough treatment of topics, but the majority will probably like the new one best, as pleasanter to read. In plan it is simple and well arranged, dealing in due proportion with almost every topic that belongs to 'the story of the heavens,' in such a way that any intelligent reader will be sure to get an excellent idea of the present state of the science—its ascertained facts, its investigations in progress, its debated questions and its latest speculations, and that too without any labor of perusal which is not in itself a pleasure. As would be expected from such an author, the statements of the book are almost invariably accurate, and may be received without hesitation. We note, however, in one or two cases the expression of an opinion in which the

\* The Story of the Heavens. By Robert T. Ball, LL.D., F.R.S., Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, and Royal Astronomer of Ireland. New York: Cassell & Co.

majority of astronomers would fail to concur. For instance, in his chapter upon 'The Planet of Romance' (the supposed inter-mercurial planet) Dr. Ball seems to accept the observations of Prof. Watson, at the total eclipse of 1878, as the real discovery of two such bodies; ignoring the later discussion of Dr. Peters which demonstrates that the objects seen were probably two well-known stars, and shows how the error might have been made. Occasionally, too, a statement is met with likely to be misleading because too unqualified. Thus, speaking of the diurnal retardation due to tidal friction, he says (p. 523): 'To-day is longer than yesterday—to-morrow will be longer than to-day'—which may or may not be true. So far as tidal action is concerned, the statement is all right; but it is quite possible, and not unlikely, that the shrinkage of the earth may more than compensate for the friction of the tides, and so make to-morrow shorter than to-day, instead of longer. The author might say though, and perhaps justly, that to hedge and qualify continually, in order to secure oneself from misapprehension by every ignoramus, would evaporate all the spirit and aroma of his style, and leave it as arid as a formula.

The new book has one great advantage over all others of its kind: being new, it contains the latest results and discussions of the science, and brings everything fully down to date. Its last two chapters are especially valuable as giving an admirable and most interesting exposition of Prof. Darwin's recent theory of tidal evolution as applied to the moon, and the satellite systems of the planets. The book is well made up and printed. The colored lithographs of Saturn and Jupiter are perhaps hardly adequate reproductions of the original plates of Trouvelot from which they are copied, but all the other illustrations—mostly new, and prepared expressly for the work—are excellent.

#### The Life of Garrison.\*

Two of the sons of William Lloyd Garrison—Wendell Phillips Garrison of New York and Francis Jackson Garrison of Boston—have undertaken to write their father's biography in the most thorough and faithful manner; and the two volumes now published show a most successful accomplishment of their task. The thousand pages they have given to the public cover only the first thirty-five years of his life, leaving thirty-nine yet to be treated. The second volume includes a period of only five years; at this rate the work will extend to at least half a dozen volumes, or over three thousand pages. The story of Garrison's life is consequently told with minuteness, many of his letters are published, numerous and extended extracts from *The Liberator* are included, and much is said of his co-workers. The foot-notes are numerous and contain a great amount of matter relating to the anti-slavery agitation. Indeed, this work is largely a history of the movement against slavery, and it treats fully of every aspect of it that in any way affected Garrison's career. When completed it will undoubtedly be the most thorough and satisfactory account of the conflict with slavery yet given to the public. The account of Garrison's ancestry and early life is full of interest, and for the first time the facts are given us. The father's desertion of his family is presented in a new light, but one even more perplexing to account for than that which is current. The struggles of the mother, and her letters to her children, are almost heart-rending in their pathos. The boyhood of Garrison was as his manhood, and is a wonderful instance of what can be accomplished by the heroic efforts of an aspiring and resolute youth battling with difficulties the most discouraging.

From his earliest years the mind of Garrison was serious, moral and philanthropic. Without an education and the usual means of stimulus to moral and intellectual activity,

his mind seemed at once to grasp and to cling to the idea of devotion to reform. In youth as in manhood his conception of the spirit of true reform was wide, generous and lofty. If a fanatic at all, his fanaticism lay in the depth and intensity of his convictions, and not in the narrowness of his aims. To him the anti-slavery cause was but one phase of a great movement, which was to include everything capable of promoting the good of humanity. These volumes make it plain how intently his whole soul was given to the philanthropic aim, how completely he believed in humanity and its development. He had the mind and heart of a reformer and philanthropist, if any man ever had them. Not only the anti-slavery movement is here described in its beginnings and growth, as the thought and inspiration of Garrison; but the temperance, non-resistance, woman's rights, and other reforms, are sketched as the outgrowths of his fertile agitation. He was a born agitator, in the truest and noblest sense of that word. A most interesting side of Garrison's character—that of his intense religious faith, beginning in ultra-Calvinism, but mellowing into a pure and noble liberality—is here shown to us in its brightest light. It was as a Christian and as a believer in the Gospels spirit that Garrison entered on his work as a reformer. His faith ever sustained him, gave him courage and serenity, and lifted him above every feeling of fear. Of a dramatic and glowing interest are the accounts given in these volumes of how Garrison came to devote mind and heart to the cause of the slave, of the founding of *The Liberator*, the organization of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, the affair of Miss Prudence Crandall, the Boston mob, the opposition which met Garrison on every hand, the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, the formation of the Non-Resistance Society, the struggles of *The Liberator* for continued existence, the divisions which arose in the anti-slavery ranks, the world's convention in England, and the Chardon Street Convention to discuss the Sabbath, the ministry and the church. What a life of agitations and conflicts and heroic struggles was that which Garrison lived in the midst of these scenes! Here we have his domestic life presented to us, also, in all its charm of love and fidelity and deep devotion. He was as tender and sympathetic in his domestic and social relations as he was uncompromising in the cause of public right and national truth.

These volumes are thick-studded with portraits of the anti-slavery leaders. There are three of Garrison himself, and an admirable one of his wife. In the first volume appear those of Lundy, Tappan, Sewall, Knapp, Prudence Crandall, Oliver Johnson, Buffum, George Thompson, and S. J. May; and in the second, those of Mrs. Chapman, Francis Jackson, E. G. Loring, Weld, the Grimké's, Follen, Phillips, and Abby Kelly. Not only in this respect, but in every other, the volumes are splendid specimens of the book-making art. The notes thick-strewn along the pages can but add to the interest they must excite, and make them all the more valuable as records of the anti-slavery conflict. Especially of value are those relating to the many lesser-known men and women who took part in it, and who deserve to be remembered as being on the right side in a time which tried men's souls. The spirit in which these volumes are written is almost uniformly admirable. Of course, the sons of William Lloyd Garrison thoroughly share in their father's beliefs and sympathize with him in his thoughts and deeds. They defend him with zeal, and take his side whenever he came in conflict with his fellow-workers or with those who opposed his religious ideas. They attack Dr. Channing with something of severity for his half-hearted defence of the cause of freedom, and they use no mild words about the 'respectable gentlemen' who made up the Boston mob. They evidently possess something of Garrison's own uncompromising regard for the right; otherwise they would sometimes have spoken in a milder tone. Yet we can but agree with them, and believe they have been nothing more than just. They have so far fitly told the story of their father's

\* William Lloyd Garrison: 1805-1879. *The Story of His Life*, told by his Children. Volume I., 1805-1835. Volume II., 1835-1840. \$2.50 per vol. New York: The Century Company.



life. It is the life of a great and heroic soul, and of a man who embodied the Nineteenth Century spirit of reform and progress as no other has done.

"The Gentleman's Magazine Library."\*

LOVERS of the olden time find abundant pabulum for their tastes in the rapidly appearing volumes of 'The Gentleman's Magazine Library.' Vol. IV. of this series, which lies before us, concerns itself with English traditional lore and the customs of foreign countries and peoples. The old *Gentleman's Magazine* has proved itself to be a mine of information well-nigh inexhaustible to the student of English civilization on its folk-lore and fairy side, and in that curious direction in which the brothers Grimm delighted—the side of superstition, quaint custom, and quaint usage. This handsomely printed and carefully edited volume is packed with information drawn from all these sources and stored away in abundant granaries by the antiquarian ants of a past century. It has been the business of Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, the editor, to extract all the important entries and memoranda bearing on these subjects from the numerous volumes of the *Magazine* and classify them under convenient heads for the benefit of the folk-lore student. Accordingly this part of the work is a true warehouse of goods and chattels for the psychic researcher, the ghost-runner, as rich as a marrow-bone in meat for the supernaturalist. Spenser, Shakspeare, Drayton, Herrick, even Milton, are full of the dancing light of fairyland, and much of their most beautiful verse reflects the changing hues and colors of popular beliefs and vanished creeds. The section containing fairy beliefs is succeeded by one devoted to legends and traditions and folk-tales. After this comes a weird group of prophecies, dreams, and ghost-stories, fit, psychologically and archaeologically, for the acumen of the Society of Psychical Research. In this field the investigations of Ingram, Lang, and Gomme receive abundant help. Lord Lyttleton's ghost appears in this volume, though the famous Cock Lane imposture, in which Dr. Johnson so picturesquely figured, is omitted. Druidic and other pagan incantations, practices, magic, and *diablerie* are as lively as the immemorial cricket in these crowded pages. From every line leaps a bit of antique minstrelsy, a scrap of legendary rhyme, an *ignis fatuus* with the light on its shoulders, or an uncanny relic of infatuate faith once delivered to the sinners of Old England. English poetry from Beowulf to Gray and from Gray to Rossetti is inwoven with these glinting threads of overthrown superstitions, and the collection is as interesting to the literary man as it is to the comparative mythologist 'horsed' on Max Müller or astride of Forchhammer.

A New Poet on Hero and Leander.†

THIS is a neat little volume, in which the Putnams have spared no pains, and the poet has spared no reader. THE CRITIC's space is generally proportioned to the merits of a book, but an exception to the rule is demanded in a review of verses such as these. It requires time and space to follow the course of a Pegasus that dashes into the circle of rhetorical figures, and madly scatters them in all directions—that breaks through the barriers of grammatical construction, and tramples under foot the laws of versification. The story of Hero and Leander is a classic and more than twice-told tale. It demands of modern treatment originality and novelty, and it has received enough of both at the hands of Mr. Zache to secure him from either a suspicion or fear of imitation. The poem is peculiarly valuable as a contribution to the art of poetry, since it furnishes striking illustrations of the errors which it is desirable to avoid. The characteristics of the poet are the premium he sets upon rhyme, his fondness for simile and metaphor, his contempt for

grammar, and the courage which gives both his verses and his name to the public.

In the opening stanza, the union of two fires dying in mutual embrace affords a simile for the passion of *poematis personæ*:

So burned both Hero's and Leander's mood,  
So both were quenched, so starved with lack of food.

The fires die, having no more to eat—  
These lovers perish, being without retreat!

They first look love unutterable, then

Leander seeks the altar where she prays  
To have her hear what with his mouth he says.

These lines suggest a resemblance between Leander and Baalam's ass, who opened his mouth and spoke—only, however, when sign-language failed to convey his meaning. The following verses nothing can excuse, save that the poet is his own publisher:

And if she say no, she will breathe a lie,  
Whose legal tender vain would be love's pay,  
Or truth's endorsed and fiat currency.

We are now led from the atmosphere of a broker's office and a greenback caucus to where

The rose bends to the violet  
Which lends good color to the queen's green rug,

and note how the poet avoids plagiarism, and displays modesty, in the graceful phrase 'green rug,' knowing, as he did, that Shakspeare had pre-empted the word carpet for metaphorical use, in his 'grassy carpet of this plain.' But that modesty is compatible with courage is evidenced by the poet's boldness of wing in the following flight:

Heaven's gentle tears drop from her toilet  
And fall upon a beetle, bee or bug  
That, scared, flies hence to seek a little flower  
Where it does sit, wet by the summer shower.

Heaven at her toilet is a brave figure, but is full of incompatible suggestion—such as a damp cloud for drying the face. Passing over several tempting morsels of this poet's feast, we are forced to confine ourselves to those fit for the epicure's taste. Leaving behind us many stanzas when Leander sighs, the poet philosophizes, and Hero weeps, we journey to the grateful point where

Another day has almost come, when sleep  
Kisses away her tears and fans her head.

Sleep has been invoked, compared, contrasted, personified and glorified by poets of all ages, but sleep in the charming attitude of a watcher with a palm-leaf fan in her hand, was never before thought of. The idea is one for which the poet deserves praise and thanks. Leander, after gazing afar at Hero's beacon,

Waded into the main  
And swam for Europe's shore—from Asia's plain.

The lovers are now in each other's presence, and the poet seizes the opportunity to compare them to two panthers, the comparison being long, passionate, and so realistic that we involuntarily seized a boot-jack and approached the window overlooking the wood-shed; but all was silent, and we realized what a magician genius is! A storm arises, and Leander is drowned. Hero wanders in the storm. She is 'not well in this stiff breeze,' sings the poet. She goes from bad to worse.

Her lungs cease to expand, her heart does stop,  
While perspiration yields drop after drop.

This is phenomenal even in poetry: action of the skin normal; no action of either heart or lungs. It is surprising, therefore, that we meet Hero later, seated on a rock, moralizing upon the death of Leander. Among other extraordinary expressions which escape her lips is this:

Æolian patients sought my true love's breast.

We confess that this line embarrassed us. Æolian patients! What could Hero mean? Reflection first suggested Congressional orators; but a reasonable solution is that Hero

\* The Gentleman's Magazine Library. Vol. IV. \$2.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Hero and Leander: A Poem. By Carl Robert Zache. New York: Published by the Author. Press of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

meant by 'Æolian' patients' those who suffer from wind on the stomach, or what is technically called *borborygmus*. This problem solved, we gladly followed Hero to the suicidal spot where to our great relief she joined her 'Lean'—a diminutive of Leander which the poet often uses.

#### "A Family Affair."\*

IT is a pleasant thing for a popular author to leave behind him a novel worthy of lasting favor. Such a novel is Hugh Conway's 'A Family Affair'—a story so far in advance of his other somewhat sensational efforts, as to make it scarcely credible that this is actually a tale by the author of 'Called Back.' 'Called Back' was not bad; but 'A Family Affair' is more than good. It is less the story—the plot—though that is strong, original, and impressive, than the detail which charms lastingly. The characters, the conversations, the social incidents, are fairly delightful, and the Talberts are a creation as enjoyable as Dickens's famous brothers. The housekeeping idiosyncrasies of the charming Horace and Herbert, making it possible for them to identify a doubtful little boy by the fact that he wiped his shoes before daring to enter their house, as assuredly no child, not brought up there, would have done, are a constant fascination, and will remain to most readers the *raison d'être* of the book. It is impossible to speak of the implied reason for the story without a smile of remembrance over Ouida's recent criticism of Beatrice's boy as a most 'admirable situation,' if the boy had only been the child of a guilty amour instead of a secret marriage. In reality here lies Mr. Fergus's concession to that art which Ouida admires as a reflection of real life, and Ouida's lack of art perception from her blunted moral powers of observation. The English public would not have endured Beatrice's boy as an illegitimate child, not because they would have been horrified at Mr. Fergus's mentioning a matter so delicate, but because an English girl in Beatrice's station would not have had an illegitimate child. They would not so much have reproved the 'situation' as ridiculed it. The secret marriage of such an English girl as Beatrice is a point sufficiently strained; but the problems arising from it are so good, that the reader forgets to quarrel with the improbable foolishness of the girl and the stupidity of her friends.

#### A Serial and Its Sequel.

##### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I HAVE not seen that any one has called attention to the fact that the two serial stories by Mrs. Oliphant appearing at present in the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly* and of *Chambers' Journal* are parts of the same domestic drama at different dates, 'A House Divided Against Itself' in the latter being the result of the impending catastrophe of 'A Country Gentleman.' At this early date the connecting links are not all established, but for several months each of these tales has gained an added interest as the exponent of the other, the change of names being so slight that there is no difficulty in tracing the characters. The name of Markland in the first novel becomes Markham in the other, and while my Lady rather surprises us by her worldly development, our friend Geoff grows very naturally into Lord Markham. We are quite aware that the gentle Chatty will marry her lover Dick Cavendish, the struggling barrister, for have we not encountered her as the wife of the great Q. C., Mr. Cavendish, in the second in order of the two stories? Warrender is transformed into Waring, but his impracticable and entirely selfish characteristics are as much his own at the Warren as later in Bordighera. It is amusing in the light of this conjecture to contemplate our friends in their stormy passionate youth and their dissatisfied and practical old age. To be able to turn from the page where a hero and heroine

marry in haste to another where they have long repented at leisure, is an unusual privilege accorded us, as the unfortunate circumstances that separated husband and wife in 'A House Divided Against Itself' become quite clear to an attentive reader of 'A Country Gentleman.'

HINGHAM, Oct. 21, 1885.

M. C. ROBBINS.

#### Rembrandt's Portrait of his Mother.

REMBRANDT, you might have led to classic shrine  
This art which makes your mother look like mine.  
You might have made a brave Romanticist—  
But mother's sons this picture would have missed.  
What schools have lost your brush on him confers,  
Who looks and longs to lay his face to hers.

ORA COLTMAN.

#### The Lounger

'THE New York churches,' says the Rev. Mr. Haweis in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, 'are not scattered all over the place, but they stand at intervals in the fashionable avenues.' What 'fashionable avenue' is it that Trinity stands in?—or St. John's, or St. Paul's (either Episcopal or Methodist), or St. George's, or Holy Trinity, or All Souls (either Episcopal or Unitarian), or the Transfiguration? Of all these fashionable churches—which, we are told, 'are not connected locally with districts and parishes'—'probably the two wealthiest' are 'H. C. Potter's (Trinity) and Dr. Dix's (Congregational).' What was the reverend gentleman thinking about when he wrote these words? Dr. Potter was Rector of Grace before he became a Bishop, and Dr. Dix is Rector of Trinity. Mr. Haweis had better send a revised version of his letter to the *Gazette*. Such errors as these are inexcusable.

I SHOULD like to call the attention of the Society for Psychical Research to the case of Mrs. May Agnes Fleming—a truly extraordinary case, and one that merits the most searching investigation. Mrs. Fleming was a popular and prosperous novelist, living across the river in Brooklyn. More than five years ago she died and was buried, but (*mirabile dictu*!) her translation to another world in no wise affected her industry and fertility as a writer. Since her death she has continued to pour forth novels in an incessant stream; and the latest advertisements of her publishers contain the announcement of yet another work of fiction from her pen—'The Actress' Daughter,'—'another deeply interesting and exciting novel by May Agnes Fleming, whose previous works have sold so enormously.' Of course it is not to be supposed that Mrs. Fleming writes these new novels with her own vanished hand. She merely dictates them to some amanuensis over whom she has obtained the necessary 'psychical influence.' This is the way the little volume called 'Light on the Path' was recently produced, 'one of the Mahatmas, or Masters, of the Himalayan brotherhood' being the author, and 'M. C.' whose initials appeared on the title-page merely the scribe. I wonder who acts as 'M. C.' to Mrs. Fleming; and I wonder, too, if the saying, 'Of making many books there is no end,' is to be interpreted literally as an assurance that even in heaven there is no rest for the weary writer. This would be the last straw on many an overlaid back!

WE were all amused when Victor Hugo confessed his 'infinite pity for kings;' and those of us who read *The Evening Post's* report of the marriage of Prince Waldemar to a daughter of the Duc de Chartres found it hard to repress the smile that stole over our faces when the correspondent dwelt so prettily on his (or her) embarrassment in describing that event. The trouble was, that the writer was not so much a newspaper correspondent as a friend of the royal family of France; and he was a little afraid his dear friends might not enjoy his gossiping about them in an American paper. His position was a delicate one; but he acquitted himself nobly. See how gracefully he approached the subject.

We always feel a little shy about speaking of people whom we are fond of, and whose life has been to a certain extent interwoven with our own; we feel this embarrassment even when we have nothing to say but what is pleasant and agreeable. I am, therefore, obliged to make a certain effort to speak of the marriage of the oldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres with Prince Waldemar of Denmark. I feel, however, a little encouraged by the thought that the Duc de

\* A Family Affair. By Hugh Conway (F. J. Fergus). Cloth \$1; paper, 30 cts. New York: Henry Holt & Co.



Chartres bears an historic name, that all the papers will be full of the details of this marriage, and that I cannot commit anything approaching an indiscretion in saying a few words of an event which belongs to newspaper notoriety. I feel also encouraged by the remembrance that the Duc de Chartres has only friends in America.

C. P. C., of Cambridge, Mass, having read my comments on Mr. Hughes's Lowell lecture, sends me the following note:—There is no doubt, I think, that the habit of dropping the final *g* in the present participle is far less frequent in the Yankee than in the Englishman, and comes to us by direct descent from our self-justifying motherland. And it has occurred to me that nothing so well proves how unconscious the English are of this habitual mispronunciation than the practice of some of their poets. I dare say that if one had the time and patience to hunt up examples of this slovenly habit among the rhymes of the British bards, ample proof of its prevalence could be found. In Mrs. Browning's poems the reader is so accustomed to meet bad and false rhymes that this particular fault she has of dropping the final *g* in rhyming (for example) 'mountain' with 'counting,' is not so unlooked-for as it is in one other distinguished poet. Turning over her poems (and not a complete collection) I find twenty-five cases at least, like the following: 'Coming' rhymed with 'women,' 'ruin' with 'doing,' 'praying'—'away in,' 'blowing'—'rowen,' 'meeting'—'feet in,' 'iron'—'admiring,' 'woman'—'gloaming,' 'linen'—'winning,' 'laughing'—'half in,' 'children'—'bewildering,' 'unretrievably'—'heavenly,' 'sloping'—'open,' 'rewarding'—'garden,' 'coming'—'human,' 'delighting'—'white in,' 'playing'—'away in,' 'Bion'—'undying,' 'mountain'—'counting,' 'flowing'—'slow in,' 'golden'—'unfolding,' 'iron'—'inspiring,' 'driven'—'heaving,' 'alone in'—'moaning.'

'BUT even Wordsworth,' my friend goes on 'is guilty of lapses into the same habit when he rhymes "Helvellyn" with "swelling," "ruin" with "doing," and "sullen" with "culling." This last is a blot on the form of his great ode, "Intimations of Immortality," which a sensitive ear cannot help wishing were not there.'

### Epistle to Mr. Alexander Pope.

[Andrew Lang, in *The St. James's Gazette*.]

FROM mortal Gratitude, decide, my Pope,  
Have Wits Immortal more to fear or hope?  
Wits toil and travail round the Plant of Fame,  
Their Works its Garden, and its Growth their Aim.  
Then Commentators, in unwieldy Dance,  
Break down the Barriers of the trim Pleasance,  
Pursue the Poet, like Actæon's Hounds,  
Beyond the fences of his Garden Grounds,  
Rend from the singing Robes each borrowed Gem,  
Rend from the laurel'd Brows the Diadem,  
And, if one Rag of Character they spare,  
Comes the Biographer, and strips it bare!  
Such, Pope, has been thy Fortune, such thy Doom.  
Swift the Ghouls gathered at the Poet's Tomb;  
With Dust of Notes to clog each lordly Line,  
Warburton, Warton, Croker, Bowles, combine!  
Collecting Cackle, Johnson condescends  
To interview the Drudges of your Friends,  
Biographers, un-Boswell-like, have sneered,  
And Dunces edit him whom Dunces feared!  
They say, what say they? Not in vain You ask.  
To tell you what they say, behold my Task!  
'Methinks already I your tears survey'  
As I repeat 'the horrid things they say.'\*  
Comes El—n first: I fancy you'll agree  
Not frenzied Dennis smote so fell as he;  
For El—n's Introduction, crabbed and dry,  
Like Churchill's Cudgel's† marked with Lie, and Lie!  
'Too dull to know what his own System meant,  
Pope yet was skilled new Treasons to invent;  
A Snake that puffed himself and stung his Friends,  
Few Lied so frequent, for such little Ends;  
His mind, like Flesh inflamed,‡ was raw and sore,  
And still, the more he writhed, he stung the more!  
Oft in a Quarrel, never in the Right,  
His spirit sank when he was called to fight.  
Pope, in the darkness mining like a Mole,  
Forged on Himself, as from himself he stole,

\* 'Rape of the Lock.' † In Mr. Hogarth's caricatures. ‡ Elwin's Pope, ii. 15.

And what for Caryll once he feigned to feel,  
Transferred, in Letters never sent, to Steele!  
Still he denied the Letters he had writ,  
And still mistook Indecency for Wit.  
His very Grammar, so De Quincey cries,  
"Detains the Reader, and at times defies!"  
Fierce El—n thus: No Line escapes his Rage,  
And furious Foot-notes growl 'neath every Page:  
See St-ph-n next take up the woful Tale,  
Prolong the Preaching and protract the Wail!  
'Some forage Falsehoods from the North and South,  
But Pope, poor D—I, lied from Hand to Mouth;\*  
Affected, hypocritical, and vain,  
A Book in breeches, and a Fop in Grain;  
A Fox that found not the high Clusters sour,  
The Fanfaron of Vice beyond his power,  
Pope yet possessed'—(the Praise will make you start)—  
'Mean, morbid, vain, he yet possessed a Heart!  
And still we marvel at the Man, and still  
Admire his finish and applaud his skill;  
Though as that fabled Barque, a phantom Form,  
Eternal strains, nor rounds the Cape of Storm,  
Even so Pope strove, nor ever crossed the Line,  
That from the Noble separates the Fine!  
The learned thus; and who can quite reply,  
Reverse the Judgment, and Retort the Lie?  
You Reap, in armed Hates that haunt your name,  
Reap what you sowed—the Dragon's Teeth of Fame.  
You could not write, and to unvenious Time  
Trust for the wreath that crowns the lofty Rhyme.  
You still must fight, retreat, attack, defend,  
And oft, to snatch a Laurel, lose a Friend!  
The Pity of it! And the changing Taste  
Of changing Time leaves half your work a waste.  
My Childhood fled your couplet's clarion tone,  
And sought for Homer in the Prose of Bohn.  
Still through the dust of that dim Prose appears  
The flight of arrows and the Sheen of Spears;  
Still we may trace what Hearts heroic feel,  
And hear the Bronze that hurtles on the Steel!  
But ah, your Iliad seems a half-pretence,  
Where Wits, not heroes, prove their Skill in Fence,  
And great Achilles Eloquence doth show  
As if no Centaur trained him, but Boileau!  
Again your verse is orderly,—and more,—  
'The Waves behind impel the Waves before';  
Monotonously musical they glide,  
Till Couplet unto Couplet hath replied.  
But turn to Homer! How his Verses sweep!  
Surge answers Surge and Deep doth call on Deep;  
This Line in foam and thunder issues forth,  
Spurred by the West or smitten by the North,  
The next with silver murmur dies away,  
Like Tides that falter to Calypso's Day!  
Thus Time, with sordid Alchemy and dread,  
Turns half the Glory of your Gold to Lead;  
Thus Time,—at Ronsard's wreath that vainly bit,—  
Has marred the poet to preserve the Wit,  
Who almost left on Addison a stain,  
Whose knife cut cleanest with a poisoned pain,—  
Yet thou (strange Fate that clings to all of Thine!)  
When most a Wit dost most a Poet shine.  
In Poetry thy Dunciad expires,  
When Wit has shot 'her momentary fires.'  
'Tis Tragedy that watches by the Bed,  
'Where tawdry Yellow strove with dirty Red,'  
And Men, remembering all, can scarce deny  
To lay the Laurel where thine Ashes lie!

### Recreative Learning and Voluntary Teaching.

[Mrs. Arthur Jebb, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

In a paper read last year at the Birmingham meeting of the Social Science Congress, Mr. Walter Besant drew attention to what he called 'the great voluntary movement of the present day.' 'It is the noblest thing,' he said, 'the world has ever seen, and I believe it is only just beginning. More and more we are getting volunteer labor into almost every department.'

Mr. Besant's object in speaking was to point out a fresh channel for the energies of voluntary workers. He told of the grim and sordid ugliness and dulness which wrap the lives of thousands upon thousands of the dwellers in East London—'the big-

gest, ugliest, and meanest city in the whole world; of the men and women who are crowded together to minister to our needs and luxuries, their own existence empty of all that makes life bright or beautiful, while temptations to that which is evil and debasing beset them on every side. And then he spoke, as an artist may, of the beauty and the joy of art.

No life, he said, can be wholly unhappy which is cheered by the power of playing an instrument, dancing, painting, carving, modelling, singing, making fiction, writing poetry; it is not necessary to do these things so well as to be able to live by them, but every man who practises one of these arts is during his work drawn out of himself and away from the bad conditions of his life. . . . We wish that every boy and every girl shall learn something, and it matters little whether we make him draw, design, paint, decorate, carve, work in brass or in leather, . . . provided he be instructed in the true principles of art. Imagine, if you can, a time when in every family of boys and girls one shall be a musician, and another a carver in wood, and a third a painter; when every home shall be full of artistic and beautiful things, and the present ugliness be only remembered as a kind of bad dream. This may appear to some impossible; but it is, on the other hand, very possible, and sure to come to pass in the immediate future.

What then Mr. Besant asked of England's voluntary workers was that they should open the eyes of the blind to see and the ears of the deaf to hear that which is lovely and of good report; that they should develop the instinct of making, in hands for which in idle hours the spirit of evil is apt to find employment in a distinctly opposite direction; in a word, that they should bring the joy and innocent recreation of art as a familiar factor into the people's lives, a splendid and priceless gift from the rich to the poor.

The object of the present paper is to show that what to some may appear a mere Utopian dream has, on the contrary, a vital connection with some of the most practical questions of elementary education; that the working classes themselves are beginning to recognize this connection, and to tell those who may wish to take a part in this new educational work how much their services are needed at the present moment, and how they may at once begin to help.

When, fourteen years ago, education became compulsory in the United Kingdom, many of the advocates of the new Act felt exceedingly sanguine as to its moral results. But the connection between good conduct and book-learning is not so close as might at first sight be inferred from columns wherein the educated and criminal classes figure in opposing array. Within the past few years there has been a marked advance in public opinion as to the necessity for the industrial element in education which is intended to form the character. In re-forming the character which has been allowed to become blemished, industrial training takes every day a more assured position. No weed grows faster in neglected soil than mischief grows in the soil of idleness, and this fact is recognized and acted on in reformatories; the weeds are uprooted, and the soil carefully cultivated to bear a very different crop. But prevention is better than cure, and if industrial training were made part of the education of every child; nay, more, if pains were taken to make every child love industry and take an intelligent interest and pleasure in using its hands and eyes, who can say how much waste, and worse than waste, of human life and ability might be saved, or to what extent the necessity for our vast and expensive machinery of prisons and reformatories might be done away? Impatience of waste is a characteristic of the present century. The increasing desire of the rich unemployed for work bears witness to this feeling. Here, then, is a great unused force waiting for employment, and a good task waiting to be performed. I shall try to show that the task is one which calls for the very qualifications which those possessed of leisure and general culture are best able to bring to it.

As to the degree of industrial training which it is desirable to give to children generally, let us hear the opinion of a well-known French authority.

In conversation, M. Lang expressed to the Commissioners his views concerning the question of technical education as carried out in France, more especially with regard to apprentice schools. He is strongly in favor of the introduction, even into the primary school, of a certain amount of handicraft work; yet he does not think that the establishment of special apprenticeship schools should be largely promoted. He conceives that the introduction of such manual instruction should be made only to the extent of giving boys a certain amount of readiness and aptitude in using their hands. He believes that these exercises not only give them this valuable power, but likewise greatly develop their faculties of observation. A general increase in this kind of manual instruction to more than three hours per week he would deprecate, believing that the municipality or State is not called upon to furnish such instruction as qualifies for any one particular

trade, but simply to go so far as that the knowledge gained may be applied to trades generally.\*

There are many considerations which must be borne in mind in choosing the special occupations which are to create the 'readiness and aptitude' of which M. Lang speaks, and which draw out the powers of observation. For the younger pupils it must be such as will not demand much strain of muscle, and for all it must be of a nature which will not overtax either the mind or body of pupils who are tired with mental exercises. To introduce a dry and tedious species of handwork would be to disgust the younger pupils with industrial occupations, and predispose them to idleness in holiday time; it ought, on the contrary, to be of a kind to attract and interest them, a great point being gained if they will practice it voluntarily at home. Some of the limitations which attach to what are termed 'peasant industries' apply also to occupations suited for educational purposes. The 'plant' required ought not to be cumbrous or expensive; the work should be such as can be practised without inconvenience in an ordinary dwelling, and which can be taken up and laid down readily by those who are liable to be called away by other avocations. As to what are suitable employments for educational purposes, Nature seems to point them out with almost singular clearness. There is scarcely a childish instinct of manual activity which does not find its reflex and consummation in some of those simpler forms of artistic handicraft which have been and ever will be the delight of men and women in every age and country. Few occupations are more distinctly educative than clay-modelling, and clay-modelling is nothing more than a sort of glorified mud-pie making, just as wood-carving may be considered as the sublimated whittling of sticks. It is but a step from the simpler and apparently instinctive process to the more refined and complex, and the transition is one so entirely in accordance with Nature's dictation, that we need not feel surprised that children manifest in experiencing it the eagerness and pleasure which usually attend any purely natural development of the instincts. Other minor arts might be named which bear the same close and obvious relation to the rudimentary occupations which appear to occur to every child who plays with sticks or straws, mud or pebbles, by field or roadway. The children of the wealthier classes are as a rule overlaid with ready-made toys in a manner which is not conducive to developing the creative instinct, and the wholesome desire which manifests itself to fathom the secrets of construction—to ascertain what is inside a costly plaything, what 'makes it go'—is not always regarded with due appreciation by nursery authorities. Wanton destruction, which likewise manifests itself in well-to-do nurseries and elsewhere, is something different; it is the instinct of activity perverted and degenerated by neglect, bearing poisonous instead of wholesome fruit. There is something pathetic in a child's eagerness to 'make things,' its pride in supposed success, its abortive efforts—efforts too often put aside by parents with a smile, some game or purely mechanical occupation being substituted, which makes less mess and gives less trouble, while it perhaps does nothing to draw forth the innate powers which had been forcing themselves into notice, and hungrily presenting themselves for appropriate nurture. No instinct requires more careful or delicate handling than this divine instinct of creation, if it is to be brought to full maturity, and bear its ripened fruit through all future life: fruit not evidenced only in the making of tangible things, but fruit of wise and well-ordered energy, directed to the orderly and beautiful making and shaping of life itself. The occupations chosen must be proportioned to the child's growing powers, and every incentive given to perseverance and *thoroughness*; things may be made too easy as well as too difficult, but the child must be tenderly and patiently helped to overcome difficulties which might readily prove too much for the moral fibre that ought gradually to strengthen along with the mental and physical. Such work is essentially work for cultivated women.

Three years ago, in urging the need of introducing handwork into our elementary schools,† I described an experiment then being tried in Philadelphia. That experiment was based on the principle that a child whose brains and muscles are not sufficiently developed to make it desirable that he should be taught 'a serious or severe branch of industry,' might be so trained by means of easy and attractive occupations, proportioned to his age and capabilities, that he 'should be able to take up any kind of handwork readily and intelligently, so as to learn a trade sooner than he would otherwise have done.'‡ Another principle, not yet sufficiently recognized in Europe, lay at the base of

\* Second Report of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Instruction, vol. i. p. 75.

† 'Handwork for Children,' *Nineteenth Century*, Oct. 1882.

‡ From a paper read before the Society of Arts by C. G. Leland, Feb. 4, 1885.



the Philadelphian experiment. Design must not be taught, as it too frequently is with us, as a branch merely; it must be regarded as the very root of proficiency in artistic handwork. Moreover, the element of enjoyment was recognized and emphasized. This was no sentimental question of sugaring an unpleasant medicine, of that shrinking from what is difficult or disagreeable, which characterizes a feeble generation. Rather it was the affirmation that the food most easily assimilated by the young, and which most tends to growth, is not that which is dry and difficult of mastication; that Nature intended the development of the creative instinct to be attended by the natural pleasure which follows the development of other healthy instincts; that as the bird 'wings and sings,' so youth should rejoice in making and shaping, in beauty of color and form, in the growing skill of the 'cunning workman,' in 'the finding out of many inventions.' The results of such natural development would be enduring. Whatever 'unhealthy and over-darkened ways' might await the pupil in after-life, whatever grimness of mechanical drudgeries, some shape of beauty, some memory of work that was full of enjoyment, would still be with him to move away the pall from his spirit. In the evening, his day's labor past, he would still be able to turn to some recreative occupation learned in school-days, happy in carrying it to greater perfection or more complicated results, 'for the artist never grows old.' Knowing the way to do so, he would be led to add to the comfort and beauty of his home by the work of his own hands, and there are few greater safeguards to a man than pride in his home. Pleasure would be associated with that which is creative, not with that which is destructive; with activity, not with idleness. It is pleasant to learn that the Philadelphian system is gaining ground with our practical Transatlantic neighbors, and is not only making way in schools, but is also attracting attention in connection with questions of reform in prisons and asylums.

A little book\* by Mr. Leland, the originator of the system, became popular in England. The plan of village classes was suggested, and, like a seed blown across the sea, the idea took root in England. The occupations which had been tried in Philadelphia were the minor arts, some of which are practised with very practical financial result by children and peasants in other countries, and the best known of which are frequently practised by amateurs in our own, but practised often in a half-hearted way, which leads to small result, owing to a feeling that the amount of time and energy expended on occupations which are taken up only for amusement is scarcely justifiable in an age when so much serious work puts forth its higher claims. By some such workers the prospect of employing their talents for art handicraft in a thoroughly practical and useful way was felt as a real happiness. Boys and youths were gathered into small classes held on Saturdays, or the evenings of other weekdays, and the work soon developed in a way which certainly was not expected at the outset. Wood-carving was the art first and still chiefly practised, an art so well adapted for educational purposes that in Sweden it now forms part of the national school course. Boys and teachers alike delighted in the attempt, and in the absence of any sort of hard training, beyond drawing, in the pupil's school life, it was felt that the work, at first undertaken simply with a view to recreation, might, judiciously carried on, become a useful factor in their practical education.

Without entering into the vexed question of how much a State ought or ought not to do for the general instruction of its children, it may be interesting, in this context, to show the position which England occupies relatively to other countries, in regard to educational expenditure.

In considering, say the Technical Commissioners, by whom the cost of the further development of technical education should be borne, we must not forget that, if it be true that in foreign countries almost the entire cost of the highest general and technical instruction is borne by the State, on the other hand the highest elementary and secondary instruction in science falls on the localities to a much greater extent than with us; while as to the ordinary elementary schools the cost in Germany and Switzerland is almost exclusively borne by the localities; and this was also the case in France and Belgium, until the people of those countries became impatient of the lamentable absence of primary instruction on the part of vast numbers of the rural, and in some instances of the town population—an evil which large State subventions alone could cure within any reasonable period of time. With the exception of France, there is no European country of the first rank that has an imperial budget for education comparable in amount to our own. In the United Kingdom at least one half of the cost of elementary education is defrayed out of imperial funds, and the instruction of artisans in science and art is almost entirely borne by the

State. Hence it will be necessary to look in the main to local resources for any large addition to the funds required for the further development of technical instruction in this country.

It may be added that the State expenditure on education in the United States exceeds our own. In Ireland, where a special need for hand-training exists, a special effort was made by the Commissioners to arouse local effort in establishing handwork classes in connection with the elementary schools. A circular drawing attention to the subject was widely disseminated throughout the country, but the soil was not generally prepared to receive the seed thus sown.\* At that time, however, a few workers here and there in the country were already beginning to gather a handful of lads into such little recreation classes as I have alluded to. Undoubtedly some practical demonstration of this kind is what is needed as a first step both in Ireland and elsewhere. The sight of a few boys actually learning to use their hands and employing their idle hours in producing saleable work brings home some at least of the uses of industrial training in a way which nothing else is likely to do as effectually. Moreover, if the teachers are persons mixing in the general society of the neighborhood, a degree of healthy interest it aroused among those best able to stir up 'local effort.' Stimulating efforts are brought to bear which would be absent were the affair wholly one of official routine. The Commissioners, prompts to encourage any wholesome effort, however small, showed in their attitude toward these little beginnings an unvarying kindness and appreciation which has gone far to bring about the development of the movement which has recently taken place. The first village classes resulted in the formation of others both in town and country. In some the teaching was quite free, in others a small fee was exacted; tools for working at home were lent on receipt of a trifling payment; prizes were given, and small local exhibitions held. It was the combined promise and shortcomings of the little classes, their obvious usefulness and capability of development, and the need of union and organization to make that development possible, to foster and maintain a good standard of work, and to find out and lead the way to new and appropriate branches of handicraft, that led to the formation of the Home Arts and Industries Association.

[To be continued.]

## Sunday in New York and Brooklyn.

[The Rev. H. R. Haweis, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

LIKE London, with a difference. New York city is 'very rough' on open stores and buying and selling in general; but, on the other hand, the 'cars' are in full swing at reduced fares, and excursions out of town are all the rage. The New York churches are not scattered all over the place, or connected locally with districts and parishes, but they stand at intervals in the fashionable avenues—'Fifth,' 'Madison,' and others. I was much struck with the perspective of spires reaching down those apparently interminable vistas. I cannot boast of having yet entered many of the churches. H. C. Potter's (Trinity) and Dr. Dix's (Congregational) are probably the two wealthiest. Dr. Potter himself—or Assistant-Bishop Potter—is perhaps the most influential ecclesiastic in America. Horatio Potter, Bishop of New York, is old and so failing in health that upon Assistant-Bishop H. C. Potter devolves practically the work and organization of the diocese, and the sums of money which pass through his hands for charitable purposes are said to be enormous. I avoided the error of attempting to do too much on my first Sunday in New York; but entering Dr. Guilbert's Church of Holy Spirit, Madison Avenue, at eleven o'clock, I was at once struck with the atmosphere of the place, which I can call nothing else but 'Americanese.' The church itself, capable of holding about 1500 people, is profusely painted and decorated with a great deal of fine and rather peculiar stained glass, certain tints of pink and lilac, and a curious-colored mother-of-pearl looking flat glass, shot with all the hues of the rainbow. This gives the wide house-like casements and windows an odd glow, unlike anything I have seen in Europe.

Dr. Guilbert himself is a very characteristic specimen of the American clergyman. He is in the prime of life, has risen rapidly from an iron to a handsome stone church and rectory in the most fashionable quarter of New York, and is widely esteemed for his genial and high character, his liberality of thought and feeling, his straightforward and forcible pulpit delivery, and an unflagging energy always well and wisely directed. He calls himself High Church—but, he added, 'I generally agree with

\* 'The Minor Arts.' By C. G. Leland. Macmillan & Co.

\* Second Report of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Instruction, vol. i. p. 515.

your opinions,' from which I infer that High Church in America leaves a man tolerably free in doctrine, and by no means commits him to anything very sacramentarian in ritual. A surpliced choir, it appears, is not 'High Church,' but 'Ritualistic,' in America. The 'High Church' choir consists of a skilled quartet of fine singers in the organ loft. Dr. Guilbert's music—and so far as I can judge, American Church music generally—inclines to the florid French school, although seldom sinking to the operatic level of the fashionable Catholic church in Paris, still less aspiring to the severity of our cathedral service. Unlike many of our own clergy, Dr. Guilbert and his curate (an admirable reader, by the way) are perfectly audible, and gifted with a natural and unaffected way of speaking and preaching, which at once conveys the impression that what is said is meant, and what is taught is believed. The doctor preached in his surplice from a by no means elevated reading-desk, and seemed independent of his notes, while apparently using them freely. Never for one moment did I lose the sense of being spoken to by a brother man on subjects equally concerning us both. This, I think, is an element of power which is often lacking in the English pulpit. The quartet singing of the Te Deum and canticles was very fine. The Psalms were read, and the hymn-singing was hearty and congregational.

In the evening I made a pilgrimage to hear Ward Beecher, taking a car from Madison Avenue, which in about half an hour brought me to the foot of the famous Brooklyn Suspension Bridge. No words can express the effect of that wonderful structure, which spans the river, swings on two mighty piers, and connects New York with Brooklyn. It took me about twenty minutes to walk across. The immense height of the Gothic stone piers, the colossal chains and binders, with their multitudinous network of lines converging in aerial perspective in the electric light, the glimmering cities on both sides the river, and the fleet of night steamers and ferry boats brilliantly aglow with ruby and emerald points of light, formed a magic scene never to be forgotten. Another tram brought me to within a stone's throw of Ward Beecher's tabernacle, a spacious but unpretentious-looking edifice. On entering I was offered a slab seat near the front, and very soon, on looking back, I saw all hope of retreat was completely cut off. Every inch of space was utilized and every seat was occupied. Beecher, in ordinary frock coat and black tie, was reading from the Bible on a raised platform. A tall horn-shaped glass full of large yellow daisies was on one side and a mass of tropical-looking scarlet foxgloves and drooping creepers stood on his left-hand side. Ward Beecher's hair is completely white, his oval face strongly marked, with finely cut profile, expressive mobile mouth, and rather restless eyes that sometimes flashed out with sternness and at others seemed concentrated with a sort of inward gaze. His manner was very quiet; his voice very low and distinct and musical; his reading, to my mind, almost perfect in its natural but impressive emphasis. In the prayer which followed, and which was quite buoyant with hopefulness and trust and full of comfort for the weary and heavy laden, I was much struck by the absolute stillness of the dense throng; every inflection told; there was not a superfluous word, no attempt to prompt the Almighty or dictate to Him, or make a personal display of rhetoric; it was quite an ideal presentment of the creature, with all his wants and sins and hopes and fears, submitting himself to the Creator for guidance and help. Then followed a hymn, which might have been more congregational in its delivery, and then the sermon, which lasted about thirty-five minutes.

Mr. Beecher preached on Christ before Pilate, and I shall not attempt to give any detailed analysis of his sermon. He read the whole account, and proceeded to deal with two criminals—one an individual Pilate, the other a collective body, the multitude who cried, 'Crucify him!' He showed up Pilate as a weak person, who had not the courage of his opinions, for he knew that Jesus was innocent, but he would not do the right and honest thing, because it was 'bad politics.' Upon this theme he played with many good side hits at immoral politicians; but he only reached his full effectiveness when he came to deal with the corporate 'criminal'—the crowd who, in their eagerness for their victim, had cried, 'His blood be on us and on our children.' 'Oh, yes; they were quite ready to take the responsibility of the criminal action.' Beecher stopped suddenly and turned to a passage in the Acts, where these same men, when confronted with the preaching of the Apostles, are found whimpering and complaining that the people are now charging them with the blood-shedding of Jesus. 'It is always so,' said Beecher; 'when passion is hot you will take any risk. But by-and-by, when you have to take the consequences, you are not so well pleased.' On this theme he waxed most eloquent,

with a solemn and altogether impressive and earnest seriousness. He dealt with the inexorable nature of the moral law, the inevitable connection in the moral and in the physical world between cause and effect. The penalty might be delayed, for five, for ten years, but the day of reckoning would come, and every breach of the moral law would sooner or later be visited. Toward the close of his sermon he introduced a very powerful and dramatic illustration. 'Down by Hell Gate,' I understood him to say, in allusion to some well-known place where certain blasting was to be carried out, 'the rock is tunneled, and deep under the solid masses over which men walk with such careless security, there are now laid trains of explosive powder. All seems so safe and firm outwardly, it is hardly possible to imagine that those solid masses will ever be shaken, but the time will come when a tiny spark will fire the whole train, and the mountain will be in a moment rent in the air and torn to atoms. There are men,' he said, looking round—and a kind of shudder went through the assembly—'there are men here who are tunneled, mined; their time will come, not to-day or to-morrow, not for months or years perhaps, but it will come; in a moment, from an unforeseen quarter, a trifling incident, their reputations will be blown to atoms, and what they have sown they will reap—just that. There is no dynamite like men's lusts and passions.' Only once or twice did Beecher rise to anything like oratorical fervor. I can understand that he is often more powerful, but I should think seldom more really impressive, and all the more so on account of a certain deliberate and sad restfulness of delivery, like that of a man speaking out of the wisdom of his heart concerning the things which he knows to be true.

As I mingled with the throng who passed out into the Brooklyn streets every one seemed subdued and solemnized. I could not wonder at Beecher's long-sustained and, as it seems, unabated popularity. We have no such orator in the English Church—as a thinker Spurgeon can't touch him—and the feeling in New York, even among those who are no friends of Ward Beecher, is that he is intellectually, and as a mere master of his craft, a head and shoulders above any other preacher in the States.

NEW YORK, October 5, 1885.

### Current Criticism

PRESIDENT PORTER ON YALE'S CHARTER.—Just as the Yale Alumni are getting over their surprise at President Porter's resignation, that gentleman has added fuel to the fire by publishing his views on the 'charter of the college, the new interpretations, and the proposed changes,' in the current number of *The New-Englander*, which devotes much space to Yale affairs. The President looks at the matter from the old-fashioned standpoint. He regards the corporation, the body in which lies the sole power of choosing his successor, as one existing under the terms of a charter, and a charter which provides that the corporation shall be a distinctively clerical association. Many of the Alumni have come to regard the Trustees as nothing more nor less than a brake on the prosperity of the College, and have been loud in their demands for a change which shall admit the progressive element in the shape of lay graduates into the councils of the corporation. President Porter has no sympathy with the iconoclasts. In his paper he reviews the history of the charter under which the College was founded. The document in 1701 gave a board of congregational ministers the power to govern the school, but Dr. Porter says that no subsequent changes ever abrogated that right. . . . Just now, when the corporation is to choose a new head of the College and thus determine the institution's policy for years to come, all that is said or written about it is bound to be made a subject for debate, and President Porter's essay will furnish a text for many a learned discourse.—*The New York Times*.

MR. LOWELL ON WILLIAM PAGE.—In his prime he would not paint everybody; I recollect one *nouveau riche* who so displeased him that an offer of \$10,000 for a portrait was not accepted. Page was very sensitive and proud. There were others more popular—Elliott, for example; but I don't think that he had a superior anywhere. The only trouble was that sometimes he wanted ninety sittings. He could have painted rapidly; perhaps it was his vehicle that delayed him. Some of his sitters were quite willing to give him ninety sittings to hear him talk, but few of them had the time to spare. In historical painting also he was great. I remember his picture of Aaron and Hur holding up the arms of Moses on the mount—fine in conception and execution. The portraits of Beecher and Farragut are ex-



cellent. He made a good portrait of me which has stood perfectly, but there again he wished to try experiments—to let the light fall directly from above, thus keeping the eyes in shadow. People didn't like it. Emerson said: 'There isn't steel enough in the eyes.' The same day I heard Page tell Emerson's story about Washington, how the Father of his Country was interrupted in his prayers in a tent, when he had given orders not to be disturbed, and how he rushed out of the tent swearing roundly. I remember the dry humor of Emerson, with his nose drawn down as it always was in that mood, and his dry remark, 'Glad to hear of this touch of nature in our cast-iron man.' But when Page painted a really successful head he painted something very great. It showed the mastery that makes anything great.—*Harper's Bazar*.

'THE HIGHER CRITICISM.'—There is a peculiar kind of art criticism which has obtained of late years, of which the world has had nearly enough, which took its rise with the admiration of the teapot and the worship of the dado, and which will probably die when those objects are relegated to their proper place in domestic economy. Some years ago, in *The Spectator*, the writer of the present article mentioned this 'higher criticism' at some length, and culled some of its gracious phrases for the edification of our readers. 'The sweet silence of Leonardo'; and 'the shadowy land where gracious sights and sounds steal across the fancy, as in twilight'; and 'the subtle mysteries of the brooding chiaroscuro'; and 'the delicious morbidez of light and shade,'—these were some of the sugar-plums with which the writers referred to refreshed and regaled their disciples. It was, therefore, with a sense of almost disappointment that we discovered he had left the silent land and the silver twilight for the plainer paths of every-day English. To speak plainly, these essays by Mr. Comyns Carr ['Papers on Art'] are very different from his earlier art-writing. They are all, or nearly all, reprints of articles which have appeared elsewhere, or have been delivered as lectures; and although they occasionally relapse into the old cabalistic language, they are in the main comprehensible, and show considerable acquaintance with the subjects of which they treat.—*The Spectator*.

AN ADVANCED LITTLE WOMAN.—The pretty little story told by Lord Rosebery at Kilmarnock on Saturday should be noted by students of heredity. His daughter, he said—was it Millais's little milkmaid or Leighton's little queen?—had been told by her nurse that if she did not think so much by day she would dream less at night. 'But I can't help thinking,' she told her father. 'For you know,' she added pathetically, 'I cannot make my mind sit down.' What an advanced little woman! and how wrong of Lord Rosebery, some fathers will say, to tell this story with amusement and pride, instead of sternly forcing his daughter's mind to 'sit down,' as the mind of every well-regulated woman should! There is hope for the future both in the anecdote itself and in Lord Rosebery's application of it. Some day—who knows?—this bright little lady may be beneficently active in helping her sisters to overcome the contrary difficulty from her own which continues to trouble so many of them—the difficulty of inducing their minds to 'sit up.'—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

A SAVORY COMPARISON.—Since *The Spectator* greeted 'Michael Field' as a second George Eliot one is chary of even the slightest approach to such an abyss of bathos. It is indeed futile to cry 'Lo, here!' and 'Lo, there!' as though a second incarnation of that great spirit were a thing probable and to be looked for at any moment. So much we may say, however, that the name of George Eliot rises to our lips once and again as we read 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.' 'Charles Egbert Craddock' has, we believe, dropped the mannish mask (the employment of which by lady novelists should now be discouraged as a nuisance), and is honored in her own country as Miss M. N. Murfree. She is indeed worthy of honor. This book, the only one of her works with which we are as yet acquainted, gives her an indisputable place in the first rank of American novelists. Yet it is scarcely accurate to say that she stands in the rank; her station is abreast, yet apart. Amid all the charms of the American school of fiction we look for one in vain—to wit, robustness. This quality Miss Murfree possesses. Though her work is far from unfeminine, it may yet be called the most virile of recent American writing. If this seems a paradox, we can only refer the reader to the book now before us; he will there find its solution.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

## Notes

MR. LOWELL has consented to act as President of the American Copyright League. A meeting of the Executive Committee was held at the rooms of the Authors Club on Thursday of last week, and on Saturday, at the same place, the League itself held its first annual meeting. Dr. Howard Crosby presided on each occasion. At the Saturday meeting a Constitution was adopted which vested the power of the League in a Council of thirty, and provided that any one approved by the Council should become a member of the League on signing the Constitution and paying an annual fee of two dollars. The work of the Council will be done through an Executive Committee. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner read the Hawley Copyright Bill, which Senator Hawley proposes to introduce on the first day of the coming session of Congress, and the thanks of the League were voted to Senator Hawley and Mr. Dorsheimer for their past and prospective services to the cause. The Treasurer reported a balance of \$1732.11 in bank, with scarcely any indebtedness; and a Council was appointed consisting of the following authors and journalists: The Hon. John Bigelow, Prof. Boyesen, Dr. Robert Collyer, Dr. Howard Crosby, S. M. Folsom, R. W. Gilder, George W. Green, Laurence Hutton, Brander Matthews, Bishop H. C. Potter, Arthur G. Sedgwick, E. C. Stedman, Charles D. Warner, S. L. Clemens, Poultney Bigelow, R. U. Johnson, Rev. E. P. Roe, Charles Barnard, Dr. T. M. Coan, Col. Thos. W. Knox, Prof. Monroe Smith, Prof. E. L. Youmans, Dr. Morgan Dix, Henry M. Alden, W. H. Bishop, Hamilton Mabie, Bayard Tuckerman, Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Maitland.

—Mr. H. C. Bunner has written a two-act comic operetta, 'Three Little Kittens,' for the Christmas number of *Harper's Young People*. It is in his most amusing vein, and the lyrics scattered through it are delightfully droll. It will be illustrated by Mr. C. D. Weldon.

—'Is Boston Losing its Literary Prestige?' is a question to be discussed in the December *Brooklyn Magazine* by Julian Hawthorne, Col. T. W. Higginson, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, George P. Lathrop, Rev. Frederick Henry Hedge, Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, and others. The list of contributors to the Christmas number of the *Magazine* includes Will Carleton, Rev. Robert Collyer, Mr. Tupper, Dr. Talmage, Mrs. Dahlgren, and others.

—Samuel Longfellow's biography of his brother will appear about February 1. The bulk of it will consist of the poet's own letters and journals. Amongst these will be several written by Longfellow while abroad, and illustrated by him with dainty little pen-and-ink drawings, which are to be carefully reproduced.

—Lord Tennyson's forthcoming volume, which is to appear in December, will take its title from a poem on Teiresias.

—Mr. Swinburne is engaged upon a volume on Victor Hugo, which Messrs. Chatto & Windus will publish as early a date as practicable.

—Mr. Henry F. Keenan, author of 'Trajan,' has written a new novel called 'The Aliens,' which D. Appleton & Co. will publish.

—Mr. Lawrence Barrett has promised to write the sketch of the late John McCullough for the series on men and women of the stage to be edited by Laurence Hutton and Brander Matthews for Cassell & Co.

—Edmund Gosse has received from Cambridge University the honorary degree of M.A. He will deliver a course of six lectures at Trinity College, this term, on 'Sir Walter Raleigh as a Man-of-Letters.'

—The Oxford students forwarded a petition to Matthew Arnold asking him to come forward for the chair of poetry, and the chief candidate, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, offered to withdraw. Mr. Arnold's reply, stating that it is best that younger men should be tried, has given much disappointment.

—General Grant's diary of his tour around the world is to be edited by Col. Frederick Grant for *The North American Review*.

—In January next, Funk & Wagnalls will publish 'Before an Audience,' being talks on the use of the will in public speaking, addressed by Nathan Shepard to the students of the Universities of St. Andrews and Aberdeen.

—Mark Twain has written for the December *Century* 'The Private History of a Campaign that Failed'—an account of his own personal experiences as a youthful 'rebel' in the early days of the war. This 'war article' is illustrated with maps drawn by the author, and some striking pictures by Kemble.

—Stuart Cumberland, the 'mind-reader,' has written a novel called 'The Rabbi's Spell,' which appears in London printed in blue ink on green paper. Messrs. Appleton will issue it here.

—Mr. A. S. Gatschet's contributions to American philology, as shown in the Bibliography of the Bureau of Ethnology, number no less than sixty-nine—the work apparently of about ten years. The researches of this indefatigable investigator include nearly all the Indian tribes in the range from North Carolina and Florida to California and Oregon.

—To-day's issues from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. include 'Italian Popular Tales,' by Prof. T. F. Crane, of Harvard; 'Bird-Ways,' by Olive Thorne Miller, reprinted from *The Atlantic* and other magazines; 'The Oldest School in America,' an oration by Phillips Brooks, and a poem by Robert Grant, at the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the foundation of the Boston Latin School; and new editions of 'Missy' and 'Happy-go-Lucky,' by the author of 'Rutledge.'

—*Babyhood* is the brightest child of its age in America. It is just a year old, and yet it knows more about the proper care of infants and training of children than any one doctor or mother in the land, however ripe in experience. Young mothers particularly would benefit by heeding its counsel on matters connected with the nursery, the playground and the schoolroom.

—George Macdonald's latest story, 'What's Mine's Mine,' begins in to-day's *Churchman*.

—In response to an invitation signed by many of the leading citizens of New York, Miss Kate Field will deliver her lecture on the 'Vice and Treason of Mormonism' at Chickering Hall on Saturday evening, the 21st. Miss Field has put her brightest energies into this subject, and an entertaining and instructive lecture may be anticipated.

—On Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of last week the first rehearsal and concert of the Symphony Society's eighth season were given under such circumstances and with such results as to augur well for the success of Mr. Damrosch's first season as a leader. The band is full and competent, and played with striking brilliancy.

—Mme. Palmer-Nevada's appearance at Chickering Hall last week proved distinctly that her voice shows to better advantage in the concert room than on the operatic stage.

—'In a Good Cause,' a series of sketches prepared by Lady Noel, Andrew Lang, Oscar Wilde, Bishop How, Frances Cashel Hoey, and others, for the benefit of the North Eastern Hospital for Children, London, is published in America by E. & J. B. Young & Co. Caldecott supplies the frontispiece, and other illustrations are by Simpson, Callow, Carter and Amherst.

—Before the Grolier Club, on Friday evening of last week, Prof. C. F. Chandler delivered an interesting address on 'Photo-Mechanical Processes of Book-Illustration.'

—Estes & Lauriat's limited editions of holiday books to be published this fall and winter include a vellum edition of 'Lalla Rookh'; an *édition de luxe* of twenty 'American Etchings' by Thomas Moran and others; 'The Modern Cupid,' verses illustrative of 'love on the rail,' with tinted photogravure illustrations; and large-paper editions of Poe's 'Lenore,' illustrated by H. Sandham, and Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett.

—Among their limited editions of standard works the same house announce as already issuing, or soon to be issued, Victor Duruy's 'History of Rome,' translated by M. M. Ripley and edited by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, Carlyle's works in vellum, Richardson's works, and (in 1886) an *édition de luxe* of George Eliot's complete works.

—Frederic Harrison has returned to the Messrs. Appleton a cheque which they sent him on account of the sales of 'The Nature and Reality of Religion: A Controversy.' This, our readers may remember, was a pamphlet published about six months ago and containing a number of articles contributed by Herbert Spencer and Mr. Harrison to *The Nineteenth Century* and *The Popular Science Monthly*. Mr. Harrison was incensed at the republication of his essays without his consent, and scolded Mr. Spencer and the Appletons so roundly in the *London Times* that the book was promptly suppressed. In declining to accept his share in the proceeds of the sale he says that, had he been consulted before the pamphlet was printed, he would have agreed to any terms the publishers offered him; that he regrets the book's suppression; and that his motive in acting as he did was simply the desire to maintain the right of an author to be consulted about the re-issue of his works. He fully appreciates the courtesy of the publishers in offering to pay copyright on the book in question.

—*The Evening Post's* London correspondent cables that Unwin's Annual, which will make its first appearance this month, will be called 'The Broken Shaft,' and will contain tales supposed to be told in midocean by the English and American passengers on board the *Bavaria*, while her shaft was broken. It will contain stories by Marion Crawford, R. L. Stevenson, F. Anstey, Walter Pollock, William Archer, and others.

—A *Life of Sheridan*, by Percy Fitzgerald; a *Life of Hood* (in the English Men-of-Letters Series), by Alfred Ainger; and a book called 'From Korti to Khartoum,' by Sir Charles Wilson, describing the voyage up the Nile in the fruitless effort to relieve Gordon, will be published by Blackwood.

—'Tried by Fire,' by S. S. Frackleton of Milwaukee, is not a sensational novel, but a text-book of china-painting.

—Prof. Max Müller is editing 'A History of German Literature,' in two volumes, which will lay before English readers in a collected form the whole field of German literature, with some account of German men-of-letters. The work is to be issued by the Oxford University Press.

—The *Tribune* says that 400 copies of Charles Carryl's 'Davy and the Goblin,' just issued by Ticknor & Co., have been sold to members of the Stock Exchange, and adds that Mr. Carryl and Mr. Stedman are not the only brokers of literary tastes, Mr. Brayton Ives, Mr. Chew and Mr. C. B. Foote being well-known collectors of books and Mr. V. A. Blacque a leading spirit in the Book Fellows Club. It might have mentioned also the name of Mr. Stephen H. Thayer, whose poetry and critical essays are familiar to the readers of *The Christian Union*, and a volume of whose poems is in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons for early publication.

—*The Magazine of Western History* for October finds the subject of its first article near our eastern seaboard. It is an entertaining description (by Mr. James Drew Swift) of Williamsburg, 'The Ancient Vice-Regal Capital of Virginia,' with some pleasing illustrations.

—F. P. Harper, of 4 Barclay Street, sends us his November catalogue (No. 7) of 230 ancient and modern books. Nash & Pierce, of 80 Nassau Street, send us a catalogue (No. 1) of books in the departments of Americana, genealogy, local history, and general literature. It contains 675 titles.

—*The Cyprus Herald* of Sept. 21 contained communications from Col. Falk Warren, R.A., Max Olnefalsch-Richter, Dr. Ferdinand Düemmler, and an anonymous correspondent, all of which discredited Col. Di Cesnola's alleged discovery of a Treasure House at Curium.

—Messrs Pollard and Moss, of this city, are about to bring out an edition of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' with forty original drawings by Alfred Kappes. The reproductions are made by the photogravure process. There will be an *édition de luxe* of 500 copies, 200 of which are for England.

—An illustrated lecture on 'Egypt and the Egyptians,' by Edward L. Wilson, author of 'A Photographer's Visit to Petra' in this month's *Century*, was given at Chickering Hall, on Tuesday evening last, before the Institute for Preserving and Perfecting Anglo-Saxon Weights and Measures.

—There is no falling-off in *The Youth's Companion's* announcements for 1886. There will be, as usual, special articles over many names famous in literature or other departments of the world's work. Thus the Queen of Roumania ('Carmen Sylva') will give glimpses of her own kingdom—a land to which special attention is attracted daily by the cablegrams to the American press; the Marquis of Lorne will tell of 'Chances for American Boys'; Mr. Froude will describe certain 'Dramatic Episodes in English History'; Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, whose last appearance as a writer was made in *THE CRITIC*, will reappear in the *Companion* with a budget of 'Advice to Young Singers'; Mme. Nilsson, who has never written before, will give 'A Music Lesson'; Presidents Eliot, Porter and Barnard and Prof. M. C. Tyler will give good counsel to boys entering college; from James T. Fields' unpublished literary remains will be selected his 'Reminiscences of Wordsworth'; and there will be stories, anecdotes or illustrated sketches by Wilkie Collins, Charles Egbert Craddock, J. T. Trowbridge, Major Greely, Lieut. Schwatka, Canon Farrar, H. H. Boyesen, John Esten Cooke, C. F. Gordon-Cumming, W. H. Rideing, Lieut. Shufeldt, the Hon. S. S. Cox, and a host of others.

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